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Living The Dream

👁 7 ✓ 0 ⭐ 2**Chapter 1 by Akram Khan**

A Normal Life

Matt sat at his desk, focused on his business studies textbook. Well, not focused on the textbook but the phone he hid in front of it. The lecture teacher was young, made girls giggle when he flashed a smile at them. He hated university, he hated these useless lectures, he hated the bulky textbooks he had to carry around and he absolutely loathed these cute lecture teachers who had more chances of dating girls in his class, even if they were about five or ten years older than Matt was.

He was concentrating on beating his highscore on Flappy Bird, cursing everytime the bird hit the ground. He had always wondered why the idiotic bird didn't realise that it was about to smash into the ground. Matt knew he was going to beat it this time, so close, almost there...

“Matt?” the teacher, Mr Fritz, said.

The little birdie hit the ground with a splat. Matt groaned out loud.

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“What page are we on?”

“Umm...”

“456.” His friend, Hector, whispered.

“Oh yeah, page 456, sir. Had a brain fart.” Matt said.

“Of course, we all do sometimes. What’s that in front of your textbook?”

Matt’s eye twitched a little bit. He was done for.

“My phone... I was taking notes?”

“Man didn’t invent paper for you to take down notes. Yet, I do appreciate your environmentally friendly views.” The teacher said.

“Thank you sir.” Matt said, smiling.

“See me after class.” The teacher ordered.

“Yes, sir.” Matt groaned.

The class continued, with Mr Fritz smiling at the girls again and continuing his talk about boring, old studies. After twenty more minutes of writing notes and listening to a cocky lecture teacher talk about his life, making the girls drool over him even more, the heavenly bell chime went over the speakers, signifying the end of lesson. Matt exhaled and packed his books into his bag. He walked with the crowd so he could sneak out.

“Matt!” the teacher shouted.

Bugger.

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was impressed. But from last term and this term, you've dropped severely. I don't know if it's my teaching or something else? Care to explain?"

It was weird talking to a teacher about this type of stuff. If it was the teacher's fault, you can't really say anything, since you'll most likely get a detention. If it's your fault, you'll most likely get some words of wisdom that would only keep you inspired for one day.

"It isn't you, sir. It's me. I mean, I used to love business. I really did. It felt great learning about something you enjoy. But... I got bored, I guess. Bored of lectures, talking about the same stuff over and over again."

"Really Matt? You're getting bored of doing the same stuff already? It's nearly the end of the first year, you have at least four more years of this business course. I'm warning you Matt, I've seen other kids like you, getting bored of the work they do. They start failing with their tests and don't bother trying. Want to know what happens to them? They get kicked out of university and spend the rest of their lives working at a damn KFC around the corner! Matt, I don't want you to be like one of those people." Mr Fritz said, with a stern face.

"Yeah, sure. I'll try, sir."

"Don't try! Just do it! Now go before you miss your other class."

Matt smiled at him and walked out of the classroom. He didn't go to his next class but went straight to his dorm room. He walked in and locked the door behind him. Matt threw his bag on his bed and sat on his bed. He spent the next hour walking around the room before another chime went over the speakers.

Matt went to the laptop on his desk and went to Yahoo Answers and asked 'I hate university, want to do something else!' He had always used Yahoo Answers for guidance. What type of music to listen to, dating advice, surveys and everything other than something to do with studies. Hector walked in the room.

Hey man, how was that talk with Mr Fritz? I heard he's a bit of a way. He's not bad, with a smile on his face.

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about this yeah thank for the nice story very interesting

"What do you mean the usual? Mr Fritz is serious, you're gonna get kicked out."

"Well, I'd rather be out of here than having to deal with these boring lectures."

"Bored? Matt, it's only the end of the first year! You're going to be slaughtered with the tests if you're bored already!"

Matt laughed a little, "That's kind of what Mr Fritz said. Except with a more serious face." Hector rolled his eyes and went to his closet.

"Alright, so if you do get kicked out. What are you going to do? Working at KFC? Cleaning their toilets?" Hector asked with slight fury.

"Oh my god. Get over it. It's my life! Who cares if I clean toilets? It doesn't affect you now, does it? So just, stay out of it!" Matt yelled back.

By now Hector had turned around from the closet and was standing right in front of Matt. "What are your parents going to think? They spend money on their kid, hoping that he learns and what happens. The kid gets bored and gives up? You know what, fine! You wanna be an idiot, be one, but don't come running up to me when the test is a few days away, begging me for help. You know what I'm going to say... get over it!" Hector replied, storming out of the dorm room.

Matt groaned loudly and smashed his fist against the table, instantly regretting it and grabbed his hand in pain. He never thought about what his parents thought. He hadn't thought about them in ages, wow, how selfish was he? He needed to get out of here.

Matt stuffed some cash into his wallet and walked out the room, without bothering to lock it. He unwrapped the headphones around his phone and put them in his ears. Matt loves electronic music, especially trap, dance and some dubstep here and there. Listening to the wub wubs made him feel relaxed. Many people thought the music he listened to was just rubbish. They thought some man was looking for fun so he recorded some samples and then put them into

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amazing, not one of those club DJs, but one of those DJs that were playing at places like Ibiza or Miami, who were signed up with a major record label and had a huge fan base. Oh, how he thought about dreams like these, knowing that they only happen with huge luck.

Matt walked slowly through the street. The town of Yellowwoods, was a small town. A friendly one as well, he had only been here for a year and he knows the town like the back of his hand. He knows what time of the year would be the best to go to the beach. He knows what areas to stay away from, at night time. Yellowwoods was a small town, but he loved the town.

Of course, it wasn't like the lively Brisbane area he lived in before he came to uni, but he liked the calmness of this town. Matt always walked on the right side of the road, it wasn't because he didn't like the other side, which seemed kind of stupid but he only walked on the right side for one reason. He walked past a music store, which had a glass display. It was a basic DJ set, including a Pioneer DJ mixer, two launchpads and a Kontrol S5. Through Matt's eyes, the whole set seemed to have an angelic glow and Matt felt as if he needed it. He felt as if it belonged to him, until he saw the price tag, which was his cue to continue walking.

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